

Imperium Lepidus

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Summary: "Marcus I see in you the potential to continue my legacy not to follow me but to exceed me, all men are troubled when their moment has come but you can not think like an ordinary man you must reach beyond mortal ambition and do what has never been done, to survive my son Remnant must have an emperor"

1. Chapter 1

Imperium Lepidus

"There are actions like the White Fang attacks on Schnee Dust Company that stretch our ability to empathies. Even suggesting it now seems wrong, evil is easier, evil is more comfortable, evil protects us from having to contemplate the motivations and mines of people so desperate to inflict harm on other people that they are willing to strap explosives to them self's.

Evil is easier than even trying to unravel the geo-political circumstances that reach as far back as the great war. Or even farther back to the age when human empires developed the 'fun' habit of carving up swathes of land and turning them into territories. Thinking of extremist as evil is more comfortable then facing the possibility that by enslaving an entire race of people to help our own short term economic interest, that we may at least be partially responsible for the circumstances that made extremism possible to begin with, calling these people evil makes it easier to justify the faunas labor camps and the death of over 200,000 faunas.

Calling someone evil makes it easier to ignore the possibility that we ourselves may be evil. Evil makes it harder to empathies with others, but more importantly dismissing actions as evil keeps is from examining the circumstances surrounding these horrible, horrible acts. So I ask you is young man fighting for his freedom evil or is it you the man who stands their doing nothing and allowing this injustice to continue."

The air was still as the crowd of onlookers gawked at the suited man as he finished his speech and stepped down from the crate. As the man looked over the crowd a smile slowly creped onto his face. But that smile soon turned into barely contained frown as the silence of the crowd turned into booing.

"Dam animal fucker get the hell out of our town!" someone from the crowd shouted. Soon the air was filled with jeers and insults all directed to the man who had just finished his speech. The man took one last look at the now enraged crowd before reaching down and grabbing his bag. He then turned and walked down the gravel path until he had excited the town border. Looking around to see if any one was around he walked of the path and into the underbrush, where he then striped him self of his two-piece business suit, and donned his traveling gear.

A word pair of blue jeans soon replaced his black dress pants, followed by a simple white t-shirt and toped of with a brown leather jacket. Worn leather boots where now in place other than the brown pair of dress shoes. After putting on the last of his clothing he place his two-piece suite back into his bag. The man then stood up slung the bag over his shoulder then started walking down the trail once more, to continue his cycle of giving speeches and getting run out of town. It may not have been a career choice that paid but it was what he loved to do.

The morning sunlight shined down from the heavens above wakening the now rested traveler from his slumber. The man sat up, stretched then was soon of aging walking down the old beaten path. As the man walked down the path his mind began to wander, he soon realized how vulnerable he was; here he was a young man walking through the wilderness alone and unarmed. He made a mental note to pick up a side arm at the next town he stumbled upon, and a map to so he no longer had to walk in one direction and hope he came across a town. Luck seemed to be on the traveler's side today as after a few more hours of travel he had stumbled upon another town. He soon reached the gatehouse where three guards we playing cards as the forth one of the group stood guard. When he was only around 10 meters from the guard he called out to him.

"Howdy my friend you mind telling me what town this is?" the three guards playing cards were caught of guard by the traveler but the fourth one stayed still the only thing indicating that he had heard the traveler was his two black wolf ears that sprung up when he had first spoke.

"uuhhh this is Stillwater, you lost traveler?" one of the guards who was playing cards said.

"I've seen to have misplaced my map, it was pure luck that I stumbled upon you town, and I was hoping that I could re-supply here"

"Sure let me just radio Tower and have them open the gate," the same guard said as he stood up and walked over to a radio that was laying on a tree stump a few meters away. "Tower this is gate house 4 requesting permission to open gate, single man unarmed"

"Permission granted, unlocking gate 4 now" the radio crackled back. A load thump could be herd as the lock on the other side of the gate opened. The other two guards walked over to the steel gate and pushed

it open.

"Welcome to Stillwater traveler" the guard on the right said as the traveler walked by.

After walking around the newly discovered town he soon found the gunsmiths store. Walking up to the brick and mortar house and pushing open the wood door. A bell rang as he walked in and the sound of something crashing could be heard in the back of the store followed by a feminine yelp. As the man walked up to the counter a slightly chubby female raccoon faunas ran out of the back room and up to the counter.

"Hello and welcome to um well I haven't thought of a name for this place yet so welcome to my store," she said leaning over the counter resting her head with her hands.

"Hello indeed, I'm guessing that you have recently opened this store"

"Oh, ya I just moved into Stillwater a few weeks ago, it's a small town but it's still nice, but you didn't come here to talk you came for guns, Right?"

"That I did but I'm afraid I'm a little low on lien at the moment"

"Well I got cheepy's if you're low on cash, how much you got?"

"I got around 500 but I also need to re-supply so I can only spend around 300"

"Hhhmmm I think I know just the right thing for you" the raccoon faunas said as she disappeared into the backroom. Soon after she reappeared with a pistol and a holster.

"How much?"

"This here is a Walther P38 not only is it cheep but the ammo is also very common, it fires a 38. Long shot"

"That sounds good but how much?"

"Well with the gun, holster, and ill also throw in 100 rounds of 38. Long, I'd say around 274 Lien, that sound alright?" she asked placing the holster and pistol on the counter.

"That sounds reasonable," said the traveler as the raccoon faunas reached under the counter and pulling up two boxes of 38. Ammo.

"Hold on I got something ells for you free of charge, wait right here" she said as she went back into the backroom. She returned this time with a 6" knife and holster.

"This here is a Cold Steel SRK its just over 8 ounces and is made of stainless steel, it also keeps en edge and if you do need to sharpen it I've always had to most luck with this brand"

"Thank you but I don't have anymore money to spar"

"Oh you must have not heard me early, I said this ones on the house"

"Really, well thank you then, I've never been one to turn down free stuff" he said as he reached over the counter and took the knife.

"And now payment for the Pistol please"

"Ah yes can't forget that" the man said as he reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet. "274 right?"

"Yup" the man then counted out the correct amount and placed it into the raccoon's hand. "Thank you, and I wish you good luck in you travels"

"And good luck with you're shop" the man said as he turned around his items in his hands.

"Wait before you go what's your name?" The raccoon said as the man was about to step out the door.

"My name?" the man paused before turning to look at the raccoon. "My name is Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, and you are?"

"My names Fadia and come back any time Mr. Lepidus"

"Will do Fadia, you take care now" Marcus said as he walked out the front door.

After many hours of bargaining with the trader at the general store Marcus was able to walk away with a weeks worth of dried food, a new map, and more water purification tablets than he could count. Not only did he get more than what he needed but was also able to talk the man down to 150 Lien, today was a good day.

"Hey, sir hold up!" a male voice yelled from behind him. Marcus turned to meet the man who had called him out.

"Yes, how may I help you?" Marcus said as the man caught up to him. Now that the man was closer Marcus could easily see that the man was a deer faunas, his second pair of ears could be easily be seen poking out of his dirty blond hair by a few inches.

"You the new guy right, the guy who stopped over at Fadia's?" The deer faunas said.

"Yes I am that man"

"Ah good, I heard from Fadia that your and adventure right?"

"Yes? But I don't see how that is relevant"

"Well every adventure needs a map right, but why have a map when you can have your own personal guide!" Marcus was silent; he towered over the smaller deer faunas, the deer wasn't that muscular but he could tell that this man was more a runner than a fighter. As Marcus continued to look over the smaller deer he spotted that this man also had a side arm strapped to his waist.

"How much you cost?"

"Well where are you going?"

"Melos is my destination"

"Melos, I've never heard of any place called Melos"

"It's a small island of the coast of Lantis"

"Lantis! Why the hell would you want to go to Lantis"?

"It's a long story, but the short version is that my father was born and raised on Melos, before he passed he told me that all my questions will be answered on Melos, even I truly don't understand what he meant by that but my father was always a mysteries man and I had always wanted to travel the world so I packed what I could, sold my apartment and started walking"

"Ay I take back what I said about a guide, I may be one crazy motherfucker but I'm not that crazy," the deer faunas said as he turned and walked back to where ever he came from. Marcus just shook his head and turned around continuing on to his final destination, Atlas.

It had taken six more days of hiking to reach the outskirts of the capital but Marcus had made it, sure he may of lost half of his food supply when he was attacked in the night by a Ursa but he was able to run of before it became a major problem, just another pot hole in the road of life. And just like Marcus did with every town before leaving he gave his speech. But this time it was special, this time he wasn't run out of town! The people had cheered at his speech, the only town out of the 14 he had run across in his travels in the north. But that was to be expected Atlas want known as being the most accepting of places.

But that was all in the past, he had finally reached his goal, Atlas. All that was left now was to hire a shipmaster to take him to Melos. As Marcus got closer to the city it self the dirt road turned into a paved path, and the wilderness slowly merged into the farmlands that encircled the city walls. The farther down the path Marcus walked the more people he saw. Soon Marcus was at one of the many gatehouses dotting all around the city walls. Unlike many of the other towns and villages he had come across this gatehouse had a line. 20 minutes later Marcus was finally the next man in line. The man in front of him exited and Marcus stepped up to the window.

"Name?" the man said from behind the glass, unlike other guards he had seen this man did not have chainmail or leather, but some kind of armor made up of multiple pieces of ceramic plates.

"Marcus Aemilius Lepidus"

"Place of birth?"

"Korkyra" at this the man looked up from his paper with a confused look in his eyes before sighing and writing down 'Backwater' on the paper.

"Ok reason of visitation?"

"I'm looking for a shipmaster"

"Stopping or ongoing?"

"Leaving as soon as I find a shipmaster" at this the man ripped of the piece of paper he was writing on and placed it on a stack of many other papers to his left.

"If you looking for someone to give you a ride go to the Akaian district on the south side, but be warned they serve all kinds of people down their, if you know what I mean" at this Marcus nodded before continuing thought the now open door.

When the gate guard had said that they served all kinds of people down here he had thought that he had meant shady people, but turns out the guard was just racists. Apparently the Akaian district was the fauna's living area in Atlas. Although Atlas was not on the coast the southern most part of the city was only a few kilometers from the shoreline. Marcus was able to find a captain at one of the many taverns dotting the Akaian district that was willing to let Marcus hitch a ride, the mans name was Themison a tall stocky old man with a face full of beard. Turns out that his trading rout took him by Lantis and he was ok with making a stop at Melos to drop of Marcus.

When Marcus asked why his trading rout went by Lantis when he could just travel down the Ionian or Venetians strait.

"Because of the heavy tariffs that Vale has put in place I lose almost a quarter of my profit by using those passage ways, so I thought 'fuck it' I'd rather run a more risky rout and keep all my profit so I no longer trade with Vale, only Vacuo and Mistral".

"Why are the tariffs so high in Vale?" Marcus asked the ageing captain

"Because I've heard that Vale is having trouble with the White Fang raiding any shipments coming into Vale, their losing a lot of money because of these raids and their trying to fill that hole with higher tariffs"

"Its seems to me that that's like trying to put out fire with fire, if they increase tariffs then traders will find other places to sell their goods, just like what your doing"

"Their politicians they only care about short term interest, cant see farther than their own noses"

"So when are we setting course for Melos?"

"Tomorrow at dawn, but before that I need payment" at this Marcus took out all of the Lien he had left, a depressing 76 Lien. "Kid, is that all you got?"

"I started of with 500 but over the past 3 month's this is all I got left"

"Well I cant just turn you away after coming so far, how about this

ill take the 76 Lien but you have to work for me the whole way their"

"Deal" Marcus said leaning over the table and shaking the captains hand.

"What in Jupiter's name is that?" Marcus said to Themison.

"Well I have no idea who Jupiter is but this is A.N Adler, its and old Atlesian gunboat they were selling her for scrap but I bought her and fixer her up" Themison said as they walked down the docks.

"Well you certainly fixed her up good but when you said you were a trader I thought you would have, I don't know a more modern ship" Marcus said looking up at the large tri sail iron clad. "Dose this thing even have engines?"

"Sure she dose, 4 cylinder double expansion dust burning engine she can get up to 11 knots on a good day"

"Armament?"

"Five 5 inch point defense guns and five 3.7cm flak guns, also every crew member is armed with small arms"

"How large is the crew?"

"Seven officers and 126 men, but now its 127" Themison said wrapping an arms around Marcus neck and pulling him into a one armed hug as Marcus tried to escape from the old mans strong grip. By now the two had reached where the ship was anchored and were standing next to a rope ladder.

"Well see up top," Themison said climbing up the ladder.

"I swear to the gods, Themison if I die on this boat I'm going to haunt you for the rest of your life, I don't care If I have to claw my way out of hades to do it" Marcus said sling his pack onto his back and climbing up the side of the ship.

"Don't you worry Marcus this isn't the first time I've sailed this rout, also I'd keep you pack with you as much as you can"

"Why, is your crew a crew of thieves"?

"No they just like fucking with the new guys"

"I'll keep that in mind, so how about we go to the map room so I can show you the exact location of Melos"

"Aye that sounds like a good idea, we wont se setting sail for around a hour" after a few minutes the two had reached the bridge. Looking around you could tell how old this vessel was. Yes there were some newer additions, Radio, Sonar, and Radar but the rest of the equipment, although kept in good condition had a rustic feel to it. Themison waved Marcus over to a simple wooden table that held a map of remnant.

"I know you said it was of the coast of Lantis but there are more than a dozen islands" Lantsi was a set of two large islands siting

directly east of Atlas. It also looked very much like a three-fingered claw with one 'claw' breaking off from the mainland.

"You see that group of eight islands branching off of the middle of the mainland, and the farthest one out to sea, it's the one right behind it" Marcus said pointing to one of the eight islands.

"Hhhmmmm that doesn't take us too far of course, but we won't be able to go through the Disvato pass, well have to change course and sail through the Steno strait"

"Is that going to be a problem?"

"No, the strait is just more narrow than Disvato, but it won't be the first time I've gone through it well just have to be more careful crossing it, there are many spots where the waters get's too shallow for a vessel this size"

"Well it looks like I'm going to have to take your word because I know nothing of sea travel, also how long is it going to take to get to Melos?"

"It will be around seven days until we reach the island, I'll have one of my crew members show you the ropes, but for now we need to run checks on the cargo, got to make sure we got it all secured."

It has been six days since they had set course for Melos, over the course of those six days Marcus had learned a lot. For one he found out that the entire crew was male, and while Marcus was by no means a casa nova it still bummed him out. He has also been assigned the task of raising and lowering the sails it has started out easy, but four days into the journey the pulley system that raised and lowered the sails had been damaged. So the crew had decided that Marcus would be the one who had to climb up the mast and raise and lower the sails manually.

It was, difficult and by difficult I mean near death. On the fifth day of the voyage Marcus was once again ordered to raise the sails, the wind was at this time blowing in the right direction. Marcus had climbed up the center mast and had been trying to open the topgallant royal when a strong gust of wind had blown Marcus overboard into the freezing arctic waters below. That had been just yesterday and Marcus was still on sick leave recovering from his plunge. Turns out that Marcus had also fractured two of his ribs when he had fallen, the crew later found out that Marcus has landed on a large slab of ice resting just under the surface.

Currently Marcus was now lying in his hammock below deck resting and reading. It was one of the books Marcus had taken with him from his old apartment, it had once belonged to his father and had been gifted him in his early teen years. It was titled "The Punic Wars" written by a man named Gnaeus Naevius. The story was about the two warring factions of Rome and Carthage. His father had always told him that he named him after one of the characters in the series. Marcus had looked all over for other books written by the author but had come across with nothing, it was as if the author never existed. Marcus's thoughts were halted when he heard someone call out to him.

"So how's the wounds doing?" a voice called out to him. Marcus looked over and saw that it was Nathaniel the ship's "doctor" he was middle aged man with short black hair that was just starting to gray.

"It still hurts but I'm pretty sure that's to be expected, so other than some chest pains when I move I'd say I'm doing fine."

"All right well you seem ok I'm going topside" the "doctor" said as he walked back out. As soon as the man walked out Marcus turned over and fell asleep.

"GET UP GET UP GET TOPSIDE GET TO YOUR BATTLE STATIONS!" A voice yelled ripping Marcus from his slumber. Marcus along with the other sailors who were sleeping jumped out of their hammocks and put in what ever they could before running topside. Marcus was already dressed but grabbed his belt that held his side arm and ammunition. Before running out he grabbed his book and tucked it under his leather coat. When he reached topside dawn was just starting to emerge and in the distance a large storm could be seen brewing. All around Marcus saw men running to their gun positions, looking out into the horizon Marcus could see the black outline of two ships.

"Marcus get up to forward mast and raise all sails we're going to meet them head on!" Marcus looked over and saw the quartermaster yelling orders to others. Marcus ran over to the forward mast but was stopped by a sailor.

"Here take this up with you and stay up there!" he yelled handing Marcus a breach-loading rifle. The sailor then shoved a metal box of ammunition into Marcus's hands. "You're gonna be up there a while take this to!" and at that the sailor ran off to distribute more ammunition to other sailors. By the time Marcus had opened all of the forward mast sails and made it to the crow's nest the two ships had closed in to just 20 kilometers away. The entire ship was quiet; all men were at their gun positions waiting for the target to come into range.

Looking around in the crow's nest Marcus spotted a pair of binoculars; he lifted them up to his eyes and looked at the two approaching ships. They were both iron clads, with steam engines and sails. The smaller of the two had the name 'Ranger' written on the bow of the ship, the one on the right had the name 'Drake' on its side. Slowly the range between the three ships got smaller and smaller. Marcus could see the gunners on the 5 inch guns adjusting their aim as they got closer and closer.

Marcus reached down and grabbed the rifle that the sailor had given him and brought it to bear. Suddenly Marcus saw a plume of smoke and fire erupt from the Drake followed just seconds by the Ranger. Marcus's fingers turned white as his fingers dug into the barrel of the rifle.

"Hold fire wait till they're in range!" an officer yelled from below, shortly after a call went down line to hold fire. After a few seconds the shells had finally come down, huge plumes of water shot up all around the Adler but had taken no hits. The two enemy ships had fired two more salvos with all rounds missing their target. After over ten minutes of waiting for when we were close enough for accurate fire we had finally closed the distance. Now at a range of ten kilometers an

order went down the line to fire. By now all three ships had turned to show their broad side. After final adjustments were made the Adler's gun's fired all five of their 5in guns and two of the 3cm flak guns. Even though Marcus was high up in the crow's nest he could still feel the shock wave rattle him.

Aging and Aging the Adler fired round after round into the two ships, and after over 2 hours of continuous firing the Ranger had been knocked out of commission and the Drake had taken a hit to its main mast and a round in the steering room. But the Adler had not come out unscathed, two of the three mast had been shot down all that remained was the forward mast that Marcus was on, three of the 5in guns had been knocked out of commission and the boiler room had flooded putting out the dust that powered the ship. Now all the guns had to be manually moved. The bridge and steering room had been hit and now Themison had moved his command to the rear of the ship giving orders to the sailors below deck who now had to move the rudder by hand.

And through this all Marcus refused to abandon his post, even as one by one the mast fell and the winds of the approaching storm picked up. He ran from sail to sail tightening and loosening trying to make it to where the wind always was always to their backs. And just when it looked like the Adler would pull through and sight that made every mans heart fill with dread appeared, at least five ships came steaming over the horizon coming to the aid of the Drake. At this moment everyone knew that this icy northern channel would be their final resting place but the brave crewmembers of the Adler refused surrender, if they were to die then let us die like real men.

But no matter how hard the crews resolve may have been slowly the Adler listed to its side as it hull filled with water. That's when the call came to abandon ship. As soon as Marcus heard the call he started to clime out of the crows nest but was halted when a shell exploded on the deck below igniting the ammunition and almost tearing the Adler in two and sending pieces of shrapnel up towards Marcus. Marcus cried out as bits and pieces of hot metal dug them self's into his chest and face. Marcus unable to gather any strength to pull himself out of the crow's nest once aging continued to roll in agony his rifle still firmly clutched in his hands. The rifle was still loaded and not a single shot had been fired from it due the ship never coming into rifle range.

As even more water filled the ship the ship listed to the side until the deck was touching the water. Now with the ship lying on its side Marcus was able to pull himself out of the crow's nest and plunged into the waters below. As Marcus sank under the waves of the artic sea only one thought came to his mind. The last words his father had said to him.

_"__Marcus I see in you the potential to continue my legacy not to follow me but to exceed me, all men are troubled when their moment has come but you can not think like an ordinary man you must reach beyond mortal ambition and do what has never been done, to survive my son Remnant must have an emperor"__

****Hey guys i'm doing this to explain a few things that happened in this story. I know that i lot of locations i said are not named in RWBY but i'll try to have a map made with all of the locations by next chapter. (yes they are named after real places, and they are on**

the map of Remnant but are not named) **

2. Chapter 2

As Marcus slowly regained consensus confusion crept into his mind. Thoughts of where he was and how he was alive flooded his thoughts; Marcus opened his eyes and was meet with a dark starry night.

"Seems like he awake" a voice, said Marcus tried to turn to look at the man but stopped when pain shot through his body.

"Ya I wouldn't move around to much kid" a different voice said.

"Where am I?" Marcus choked out.

"Lifeboat we saw you floating in the water and pulled you aboard, we've been out here for almost 17 hours you took quite a nap their kid" the same voice from before said. Marcus forced his head up and looked around the wooden lifeboat. There were three others, the man who was just talking to him looked to be in his middle ages, black hair with a scruffy beard. The other man was younger, looked to be around 22 or 23. He seemed to have been wounded due to the once white but now bloodied rag wrapped around the left side of his face. That last man of the three was in the back of the boat, if it wasn't for the light mist coming from his mouth one would assume that he was dead.

"Names Anthony I was one of the 5in gunners" the man with bloody rag said.

"I'm Hector, I was one of the radio operator's" the older man said "And that guy back there is Paris, he worked in the boiler room"

"Names Marcus I was a sail hand" after the introductions their was a long period of silence between the four men. "Do we have an supplies?" Marcus said breaking the silence.

"We got about three days of rations and a flare gun, the boat also had a small repair kit for patching up any leaks" Hector said. Once aging a silence fell over the men and Marcus's mind began to wander, how long will we have to wait, dose anyone even know were out here, what are we going to do when we run out of food? The more Marcus thought the more he began to panic. Apparently Hector noticed Marcus becoming more and more panicked.

"Don't worry kid I was on the radio when we went down I put out a distress call as soon as we came under fire, I even got a response don't worry I bet they already got ships and plains out looking for us" At the mention of rescue Marcus slowly began to calm back down.

"Sorry, I don't know what came over me" Marcus said looking down.

"Don't worry it natural, all we got to do is sit here and wait help will come"

And wait they did but much longer than anticipated, on the third day of being adrift the fourth man, Paris had not awoken and on the third day when the others woke they were met with the cold stiff corpse of the young sailor. After hours of debate it was decided to toss his body overboard to prevent disease. The only words spoken that day were from Anthony.

"Lived and died like a true sailor"

Days passed and the thought of rescue dwindled down day by day. On the fourteenth day Anthony stood up and murmured.

"I'll be right back guys just going to get some cigarettes" before rolling of the boat swimming a few meters before being pulled under the waves. The other two men yelled at Anthony trying to snap him out of his dissolutions and get him back on the boat but they pleas fell on deaf ear's. The last two sailors survived by drinking rainwater and killing any birds that landed on their raft. The days and nights soon merged into a single bluer. Fourteen days soon turned into three weeks then into three month's. Every day was the same wake up drink any water that was collected then rest and wait for birds to land on the boat.

As the weeks dragged on the amount of birds that landed became less and less. Both men knew what this meant; they were moving further away from land and deeper into the ocean. They had gone almost four days with out food and the moral on the lifeboat was next to none. Night soon came and Marcus once aging fell asleep hoping that in the morning a bird would land. Suddenly Marcus was woken from his slumber as pain erupted on the back of his head.

"I'm sorry Marcus bit I'm not dying on this fucking boat!" Hector yelled pulling back his fist reading for another strike. Marcus reached up trying to catch Hectors fist before he could hit him but failed. Marcus to weak to from starvation was unable to fight back or put of much of a defense against Hectors blows, all he could do was curler up and cover his head. Blow after blow came down on Marcus, Marcus could feel the warm blood trickling down his cold body, and in a last ditch effort Marcus brought up one of his knees hitting Hector in the groin. Hector grunted and fell off of Marcus, taking the incentive Marcus pounced on the downed form of Hector and began to beat what ever life may have been left in the man.

Even after the man had passed Marcus continued to beat the man, tears formed in the corner of Marcus eyes as he pummeled the now dead body of Hector. Each punch was matching with Marcus crying out.

"DAMIT DAMIT DAMIT WHY, WHY HECTOR WHY!" Marcus rolled of the dead body of Hector and dragged him self to the other side of the boat before passing out from exhaustion.

The next day Marcus awoke wishing that the actions of last night was just a bad dream, he opened his eyes and was meet with the dead body of Hector. Over the course of the night his blood had dried into a dark black color and the bruises had turned from brown to a dark purple. Marcus, unable to look at the dead body cleared of as much blood as he could before rolling Hector overboard into the waters below, as Hectors body sank beneath the waves Marcus spoke a simple prayer.

"UNTO the Almighty God's we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the deep; in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection unto eternal life the sea shall give up her dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself."

** Very short chapter only around a thousand words long but eh I'm a lazy little bean. I know I said I would have a labeled map of Remnant by the next chapter but I was able to make one (thank god for MS paint) but I have no fucking clue now to post it on my profile.
**

End
file.